

The Lehigh Journal.

Vol. II.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 4.

Select Poetry.

Dedication to Froude's Undine.

Translated from the German by W. P. P.

Undine, image love-caressed!
Since first from tales of old romance,
I caught the strange light of thy glance,
How oft thou'st sung my heart to rest
Now bendedst thou toward me so mild,
And wouldest thou all thy woful moan
Pour softly in my ear alone—
Thou half assured, half shrinking child!
Yet soon my lyre the echoes woke,
And fondly with its golden chords,
Repeated all thy gentle words,
Till them far men heard and spoke.
And hearts were made to dole on thee,
Spite of thy freakish, shadowy being—
And many a one might joy in seeing
Thy story briefly penned by me.
And now, Undine, one and all
Well pleased the tale again would bear;
Thou needst not shrink with bashful fear,
Nay, come untrammeling to the hall!

Greet fair each noble chivalier,
Yet first of all, confiding, greet
Thy German sisters pure and sweet—
I know they hold thee passing dear.
And should they ask of me, thus say:
"He is a knight of truthful word,
And serves the fair with lyre and sword,
At banquet, dance, and listed fray."

Work.

What consistent people Americans are! Continually bellowing about the dignity of labor, equal rights and honorable toil, and all the time showing by actions that they do not believe a word of their own huncoume. Nine-tenths of them think that if they were not obliged to work they would be happy, and they are looking and hoping for a time when they will enjoy this happiness. They think, and sometimes say, that if they were only as rich as this, that or the other man they would not work as he does; just as though they were slaves now working because compelled to. It is very doubtful whether these same persons would do very much less if they were what they now call rich; it is a question whether they could enjoy themselves without something that would busy either head or hands, or both, especially those who have been brought up to work, who have worked all their lives, and who of all others think a life of idleness necessarily one of happiness.

One is going to work till he gets a certain amount of money; another till an education is acquired; another till this or that object is gained, and then they are all going to be happy; forgetting or rather ignoring the fact that our wants increase as the square of our means, that no man ever yet found himself possessed of "an education," what he has learned seeming to him only the rudiments of what he sees to learn, and that this or that object gained only creates as great a desire for something else.

We know with our heads that these things are true, but we cannot believe them with our hearts. Others who have found them so tell us their experience, but we think ours will be different. Sometimes though we are fully convinced that this testimony is true, that our heads were right and our hearts wrong, and there is a very critical period. If this knowledge takes away the stimulus to all our effort, better indeed to have kept up the old illusion,

but if it teaches us to make every day as near as possible like our model future, then happy are we. These desires were given us as springs of action, and it is the acting that we are to enjoy in this world, while using it as a means given of God to prepare us for that other the glories of which eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither hath it entered into the heart of man.

"'Tis being and doing and having that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake,
To be what God pleases, to do a man's best,
And to have a good heart is the way to be blessed."

M.

The Lehigh Junto.

The Lehigh Junto is a literary society which was founded nearly ten years since by the instigation of Rev. E. N. Potter, who was then Professor of Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity in the University. It has a good library, and, at the same time amassing and scientific books are proffered to its members at any time for perusal or study. The papers, magazines and various periodicals furnish an extensive source of amusement to all members who are inclined to be literary in their tastes. The object of my explanation is for the benefit of those students who desire to become members. Any person desiring to become an active member may effect it by making known his desire to the secretary by mail. The secretary will then propose his name at a subsequent meeting, and a ballot taken, and a majority will, if in his favor, elect him, when he will be duly informed. The younger students will find it of great advantage to become active members of the Junto, and no one should be without a certain amount of literary knowledge, and it will rarely be obtained in any way unless in this Junto while in this place. Debates, which form a part of the literary exercises, are of inestimable use, bringing out a man's reasoning powers to public notice and his oratory is at the same time improved in style and delivery and he acquires a self-possession that he might not otherwise obtain in the University. A man's mind, like a flower garden, should not consist entirely of any one flower, but of a variety; he should develop various portions of his mind, and bring out in this way thoughts and ideas that may inform not only himself but also all who hear him. It should be youths' first principle to obtain knowledge. Knowledge does not consist in being able to read books but in understanding one's business and duties in life. As an old writer says truly: "Education consists in learning what makes a man useful, respectable and happy in the line in which he is destined." Useful in his profession and in any other way to others as well as himself. Respectable, deserving respect and the estimation of all, and happy, in that he is honored and useful. With respect to the amount of knowledge which the classics and

works of antiquity convey, as compared with that conveyed by modern literature, this disproportion is eminently great. Were it said that the modern is a hundred times greater than the ancient, we would be far from exaggerating, and to tell the truth, those who graduate from Classical Colleges leave with only a very slight tinge of the elements of these languages on their brains, after they have spent years in study. Yet it is asked, "what possible relation do the classics bear to Engineering, Mechanics, etc?" Such questions lead us to a just decision of the case, and we answer: Let engineers and mechanics attend to literature but let it be literature of the most expedient kind. Let them read such literature as does not require him to learn a new language in order to be able to read it. Our own language contains a sufficient store for him without learning others to increase it. The memory is exercised just as well by acquiring valuable knowledge as by acquiring a mere knowledge of words. In general science is preferred to literature, but the two in our opinion should be so blended together in perfect unison that the one might seem the complement of the other. Now considering the case, as it is among our number, those who are or have been members of this society can substantiate all our statements. We have found that our meetings, with their debates, have been the instruments of affording us knowledge, pleasure and amusement. And now we desire nothing better after the welfare of the Junto than to see new members who will strive to do all in their ability to sustain its well deserved reputation and to show by their zeal that they are not only willing but anxious to possess themselves of knowledge, self-possession and usefulness, to say nothing of having a magnificent room in which we have spent many an interesting hour. Now I hope our brief description will suffice to instill into the minds of students, not yet members, the idea that they cannot live usefully and contentedly without a little literary culture. Those persons desiring to have their names proposed for membership may apply to the secretary or any member by mail or otherwise.

Phoenix.

yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell gently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees blended into a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work, which, when torn and broken will never be repaired. When a young lad or girl leaves the parents' house, with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon the cheek, if early purity of character be once lost, it is a loss which can never be made up again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot but be in some way felt, though by God's mercy it may be forgotten.—*The Triad.*

University Nine.

The University Nine has been organized for the season of 1874. There have been some changes in the nine, and it wants practice; but it had good material, and only needs development. The suits have been ordered, and will consist of white knee breeches with a blue cord at the side, blue plaid stockings with white shoes, and caps and belt white, edged with blue. At a meeting of those interested in Base Ball, E. W. Sturdevant was elected President of the club, and L. W. Richards, Field Captain. We give below the nine as now arranged.

W. B. Baldy, c.	L. W. Richards, 3 b.
W. Haslett, p.	C. Bull, s. s.
F. C. Angle, 1 b.	W. L. Rader, 1. f.
E. Reiche, 2 b.	W. P. Rice, e. f.
C. K. Fields, r. f.	

Scientific Memoranda.

The Dutch papers warn the public that the curious-looking nuts imported from Achene are poisonous. These nuts have a fancied resemblance to the head of an ape, and are extensively sold as playthings for children.

E. Reichardt proposes the use of the microscope in the determination of the quality of drinking water. For this purpose a few drops of the water are evaporated on a slip of glass, and the forms of the crystal obtained compared with those of known salts dissolved in water, and re-crystallized in the same manner. In this way one can detect with dispatch and certainty common salt, calc-spar, gypsum, niter, &c., and to a certain extent the relative quantities present.

It is an admitted fact, which physiologists may explain if they can, that women, whatever else they may be, are not inventive in the broadly scientific sense of the word. On this account we record with satisfaction the announcement that reaches us from San Francisco, of a lady of that city who has invented a new kind of needle, which has the advantage of admitting of the insertion of a finer thread than ordinary needles, and making a proportionally smaller hole in the process of sewing. ("Academy.")—*Scribner's for October.*

Purity of Character.

Over the outer coat of plum and apricot there grows a bloom more beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate powder that overspreads its rich colors. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; it only appears once. The flower that hangs in the morning empearled with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please,

Lehigh Journal.

CONDUCTED IN THE INTEREST OF

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ADDRESS
"LEHIGH JOURNAL,"
BETHLEHEM, PA.

BETHLEHEM, OCT., 1874.

We present the October number of the JOURNAL to our readers, not without some diffidence, as we have had unexpected obstacles to cope with, and have necessarily worked a little at disadvantage, in bringing out the present number. We would call attention to the remarks on the Lehigh Jnto, and in this connection would state, that it is a society whose interests are most closely allied to those of the University, and is worthy of far better encouragement than it has yet received.

ON Saturday, Oct. 3d, the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees were to have met, but as there were not enough present to form a quorum, no business was transacted, and so we presume that the vacant Professorship will still be "vacant" for another month.

THERE is one thing that our University sadly lacks. That is a park, and easy and pleasant access to its balls. The large grove of trees in front, pleasant and rustic though it may be, effectually shuts out all glimpses of the building from the eyes of the observing, and we pride ourselves that it is not a building that needs concealment on account of architectural defects, or stinted expenditure in erection, but, on the contrary, is a fine piece of masonry, and should be in full view. It holds a commanding position, and if there were some sort of an avenue leading from the street front to the terrace, the building could be discerned from all quarters of the town. Then the grove on either side of the avenue might be laid out, with winding walks, &c., and would be put to some sort of utility, while, as it now stands, it is rather an ineumbrance than otherwise. Also as regards access. The pedestrian has to traverse a long, irregular, stony path to reach the Hall, making it excessively fatiguing if the trip is repeated many times during the day. Let us hope on the ground of good sense and taste that these improvements will be made before long. It cannot be a very great expense, and will add two fold to the beauty and attractions of our *Alma Mater*.

AN Illinois paper reports that a romantic Macoupin county girl thought to Maud Mullerize and "rake the meadows sweet with hay." She stood over a yellow jacket's nest as she swung her little rake. First jump from the score, 11 feet. Distance to the house, half a mile. Time, two minutes.

ITHACA, Sept. 22d, 1874.

Editor of the Lehigh Journal:

Having promised you a letter for publication in the JOURNAL, we hasten its accomplishment, fearing lest by too long delay it seem a Herculean task. You know that old trite saying, "Procrastination, etc., etc., and therefore we will not consume your valuable time by telling how we have put off writing until now we "needs must." Well, here we are. This is due to the fact that on the 7th of September, we shouted "vale ! vale ! to Bethlehem and went "rolling along" in the cars, bound for the well known University town on the shores of Lake Cayuga. The ride was, wonderful to relate, like all other railroad trips at this season of the year, the heat and the dust being unremitting in their attention. At Mauch Chunk we had a hasty view of the Switch Back and surrounding scenery, so dear to the hearts of all Lehigh Valleyans. At Sayre we changed cars, meeting with nothing of particular interest until we reached Spencerville, where the Methodists were holding Camp Meeting. As the train drew up to the station we saw a large crowd on the platform, most of whom were singing and all desirous of getting into the one car that constituted the passenger accommodation of the train. From here on seats were in demand, and we, although dusty and tired, immediately brightened up and took consolation in comparing our situation with that of those who had to stand. Finally we reached Ithaca, and, after a supplementary ride of three quarters of a mile in a "bus," (as though we had not already had enough,) we found ourselves at the Ithaca Hotel, where quite a number of new students were assembled, who were waiting the results of their examinations before seeking permanent quarters in the town. On the following morning we rushed to our window to get a glimpse of the University, and seeing a large building at a distance of half a mile, took it for the University, and was immensely disappointed in its appearance. Upon better acquaintance we have since decided that the building we saw was Casendilla Place, which is a large and commodious boarding-house, occupied by professors and students alike. The University buildings stand farther to the north, the South Chapel, McGraw Building and North Chapel being in a row, with the Sibley College to the north and east, the large wooden building devoted to chemistry in front of the McGraw Building and the new Sage Female College to the south and east of the South Chapel. The North and South Chapel are the names of two of the most prominent buildings devoted to educational purposes. As regards architectural beauty, we were not long in making up our mind to the fact that Lehigh is far ahead, the Sage Female College rivaling it more closely than any of the other buildings.

At present there are some 450 registered students, of whom some forty are young women. The great majority of the students room in town and are amenable to the civil law for their conduct, no restrictions being laid on their movements out of recitation hours by the University authorities. How does this work? From our small experience we are hardly prepared to speak, though the gentlemanly tone and bearing of the students cannot fail to impress

favorably. There are no "marks" during the term, the examinations determining the important question "to pass or not to pass," at which time the scale of marking is from "one" to "five," it requiring "three" to pass. Cornell is conducted on the principle that its mission is to *teach* and not to *force* knowledge into the minds of young men, and the consequence is that there is an attention to study which must lead to good results. Indeed, the atmosphere of the recitation-room is not redolent of the nursery, where "you must" is the rule, and immediate punishment in the shape of "marks" follows a failure. It is not the professor's duty to waste the time of the class in finding out just how much a student may know on a certain subject. Advantages are offered, you take or you refuse, as you please. If at examination you are found conversant with the subjects handled during the term, you pass. If not conversant, you drop. Yours the gain or the loss.

The State requires that the students be instructed in the manual of arms, and in consequence thereof the students drill three times a week, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock. As a general thing, the students would prefer to be excused, but as it is obligatory they have to turn out.

The hours of reiteration are from 8:15 to 1:15, there being no afternoon session. This makes it very convenient for those interested in athletic sports to indulge their propensities. Here a great deal of attention is bestowed on athletic sports; and they rank in the following order: Rowing, foot-ball, baseball. Lake Cayuga offers great facilities for handling an oar; and a level tract of land, conveniently situated for the major portion of the students, offers great inducements for foot and base-ball, which inducements are taken. Hazing is extinct. Even the Soph-Freshmen rush did not take place this year. What is this rush? "Simply this and nothing more." The Freshies get a stout cane and the Sophs rush on them and try to take it away. During the rush it is allowable to tear the clothes of the contestants. No striking is allowed. If the Freshies succeed in retaining the cane, they are allowed to sport them during the year. This, however, has never been known to happen.

But our letter has already attained to a considerable length, and we will close, after saying that we had a pleasant trip up Lake Cayuga and return not long since, being accompanied by Messrs. Hamer and Jones, formerly of L. U. Yours,

C. N. L.

The Contented Man.

BY GRAZ.

If there is any real substantial happiness to be experienced in this world, it must necessarily fall to the lot of those parties who are the lucky possessors of contentment. If, then, it is so prematurely inductive of happiness, I wonder why contented men are not the rule instead of being merely the exception. A casual glance at our list of friends and we are convinced, beyond a doubt, that these people are in the minority and exceedingly so. The contented man comes closest our ideal. Being cheerful, his society is everywhere courted; and being contented, he is envied. His fate

it to be inevitable, he meets it with that nonchalance which is inherent in his nature.

He is never over-assuming, for assumption is continually at hostility with contentment. What he has he is proud of having. When he wants anything his first consideration is whether its possession will be of any benefit to him, and if not, he calmly denies himself of it. Avarice is a lurking foe with whom he never grapples. Being satisfied with what he has, he may be really considered a rich man; not rich on account of any pecuniary wealth, but rich in the simple sense that his wants are limited.

Such a man can make a home happy. There is always that careless don't-care manner about him which will make a true woman love him and all the world hold to him with respect. Although he may be seemingly reckless, still we must not suppose him devoid of shrewdness. He is one of those deep thinkers whose every thought does not appear to the world at the same time that it is registered in his mind.

Wherever he goes he makes friends. He is welcome as the sunshine of a winter's day, and seems to create a congenial warmth by his mere presence. He is the young man's ideal of happiness and the old man's pride. Doting mothers point him out to their children as a model whose every action it would be well to imitate.

He puts his hat back on his head, whistles a lively tune, and goes about his business with a cheerfulness which is truly wonderful.

The worldly man calumniates him, because he cannot command the same respect. But old Contentment whistles away, and never seems to notice anything or anybody. The heggar asks pitifully for alms, and thinks he can discover benevolence in every feature. Nor is he mistaken. The contented man is ever ready to lend a helping hand to alleviate the wants of the poor and needy. He does this with the whole-soiled consciousness that he may, at some time, be in the same predicament.

Watch him as he is coming up the street. That easy, steady tread betokens the calm, peaceful mind. When he meets a friend his bow is not that of cold formality, but is given with a vim that immediately assures you he is pleased to meet you.

But as I write I may mention that there is a class of contented who are merely so through idleness. Their time hangs heavily upon their hands, and they are forced to bear it, because they have no possible means of avoiding it. Here they have received their last mouthful, and with their false contentment they care not from whence comes the next. It is not of these I am writing, but of those purely contented men who are at peace with all the world and perfectly satisfied with themselves.

The contented man goes on from day to day, never changing from his primitive course. Life seems to have but few troubles or trials for him, death to have no dreads. When he does die, then, and not till then, are his good deeds proclaimed. The person who thinks can see what benefit he has been, and his few faults are lost to view amid the host of truly benevolent actions which have marked his career through life.

Personal.

(We desire to make our "Personal" column as interesting as possible, and in order to accomplish our purpose, would respectfully request the students to keep us advised as to their movements.)

—Mr. J. N. McBrier is in the lumber business with his father at Erie, Pa.

—Mr. E. H. Williams of '75' is expected from Brazil in the early part of October.

—Mr. O. M. Jenks of '74' is in Philadelphia overseeing the construction of patent dye vats.

—Mr. Wm. M. James, formerly of '78,' is attending the Williamsport Seminary, Williamsport, Pa.

—Mr. St. John Cox of '74' is at present in Salinas City, Cal., employed in a grain elevator.

—We learn that Mr. H. Eastman of '75,' who went from here to the Naval Academy, is home on sick leave.

—Mr. J. P. White of '76' is at No. 1 Irving Place, New York City. He will not return to the University.

—Mr. J. J. Childs, formerly of '77,' recently died at his home in Erie, Pa., of typhus fever.

—Mr. W. G. McMillan is still at the mines at Driftton, Pa. He seems to be well pleased with his situation.

—Mr. F. K. Bacon has returned from Europe, and is engaged in the study of law at his home in Elkton, Maryland.

—Mr. H. G. Mailert of '78' is now in the wholesale grocery business with G. A. Benson & Co., Market street, Philadelphia.

—Mr. John A. Beaver is at his home in Danville, and intends going into partnership with his father in the coal business in January, 1875.

—J. J. Malcher, a Brazilian student, class '76,' arrived here on Monday, Sept. 21, from Para, Brazil. He brought back with him a great many curiosities.

—F. D. Owens of '77,' now on the Yellowstone exhibition, will probably arrive here early in October. We expect Fred. will have some heavy stories to tell.

—Asa Jones, formerly of '73,' is reading law under the Hon. John T. Bird (late Member of Congress from the old Third Congressional District of New Jersey,) at Flemington, New Jersey.

—Mr. O. C. Boyd, formerly of '77,' who withdrew from the University with the intention of entering West Point, has since entered St. James' College, Prince George Co., Maryland.

—Mr. C. N. Lauman, formerly of '76' and also former editor of the JOURNAL, has, we are sorry to say, withdrawn from the University, where he has always taken the part of a live man, and is now finishing his studies at Cornell. He has promised us that he will not forget the JOURNAL, and has consented to act as corresponding editor, and accordingly sends us a letter written shortly after his arrival at Ithaca, descriptive of his trip and his "first impressions" of the place.

Modern Fiction.

It seems to be the idea of the present generation to be as totally unlike their forefathers as possible in all things, among others literature, especially in the department of fiction. Fine thought, embodied in fine language and magnificent descriptive power, seem to have no charm for the general reader now-a-days. A work of our day, to be successful, must be painfully interesting. It must lean a little—just a little—to the side of immorality to please the intellectual palate of the reader, and the late authors, not slow to perceive it, have hastened only too readily to satisfy this unnatural, morbid desire. As a consequence, most of the late works of fiction are highly sensational, and grate on the ears of the refined reader. Then, also, modern fiction, and a great many of the modern works, trespass too much on the credibility of the reader; in other words, are too improbable, while others are the wildest possible efforts of imagination. As an example, one author coolly informs you that nothing is easier than taking a trip to the moon—at least theoretically. He will condescend to tell you of its structure, its surface, inhabitants, etc. He will also inform you that the theories of the most noted men of science are false. The same author will take you to the centre of the earth if you desire. Another will, in imagination, transport you to the infernal regions, tell you that he knows all about them (which the intelligent reader never for a moment doubts). The wildest fancies, the worst vagaries, the poorest sentimentalisms are thrown on the public, and, strange to say, the public approves. We can assign no reason for it unless it is that people are inclined to be too liberal in their views and cater too much to the idea of novelty. Literature has for its purpose the refinement of mankind by elevation of thought and the inculcating of good, sound wisdom. But we fear that society receives little refinement from the works of many of the present writers of fiction. We do not wish to run down the writers of the present day and overpraise the old school of writers; but we believe, notwithstanding the many really fine writers of our day, that we have a much larger percentage of poor, second-rate authors than did they of that class so well described by Pope as the denizens of Grub street in the following words:

"Not with less glory mighty Dulness crowned,
Shall take through Grub street her triumphal round;
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sous, and each a dunce."

The country is surcharged with a lot of just such writers, who fling without mercy their miserable works and manuscripts on a tolerant public. It would be much better for society and civilization if there was not so much fiction, and it were better in quality. Then, perhaps, we would not always have to take the works of our predecessors for models.

RENO.

ERRATA IN SEPTEMBER JOURNAL.—For *selfishness* in the 18th line of the first column on the second page read *unselfishness*. For the line in "Laurel," "How Priestly found a haven for his foes," read "from his foes."

Odds.

"78" has a base-ball nine.

The gymnasium is still on paper. Soda water retailed at Saucon Hall.

The Sigma Beta Chi are attempting to start a chapter here.

The Preparatory class this year is missing Thanks.

Picked nine from the University beaten by the Crescents. Score—20 to 15.

Several new works have been added to the studies of the Senior Class.

The College Campus looks fresh and green—so do some of the new students.

Dr. Jas. P. Kimball, Professor of Geology, is permanently located at the University.

Students are not so "flush" as at the beginning of the term, and are commencing to economize.

"76" will shortly have an opportunity of lugging the transit and level and wearing out their No. 9 boots.

The Seniors are already growing quite consequential, and carefully nursing their upper lip in anticipation of "University Day."

The Engineering Society received a piece of cold punched iron from Messrs. Hoopes & Townsend's Bolt and Nut Factory. The hole was half an inch in diameter and the iron an inch and a half thick. Some of the members found that the force necessary to punch this was 137,445 pounds.

The University stands about 178 feet above the level of the Lehigh River. The Lithology of the Valley is well represented in the University building, the walls being built of quartzite from the Pottsdam sandstone and blue limestone of this neighborhood. The chapel choir are searching for an organ-grinder.

SCENE IN A JUNIOR RECITATION.—Dr.—Mr. C., what is heat? When you have wood, coal, matches, where does the heat come from? What is heat?

C.—Heat is a condition.

Dr.—Have you ever been warmed by condition?—Ex.

On Our Table.

Again, with the new college year, do our "exchanges" put in an appearance. Many familiar ones are yet missing, but we hope to receive them shortly. A few are received for the first time, while several of our old friends have made an alteration (for the better) in their appearance. We are pleased to place the "Mills Quarterly," of the Mills Seminary, Brooklyn, California, among our X's. "In the Sierras" and "Woman's Life Work," outlines of lectures delivered before the young ladies, prove very interesting. The editorial is charmingly written. Among the "locals" we find that one rainy night the young ladies had a serenade and slept through it! It forcibly reminded them of "Schneider's Serenade." Now, "Schneider's Serenade" has for its scene a dark rainy night, with a house in which a fair one is supposed to be sleeping, and for the "dramatis personae" a luckless youth who, after vainly imploring his love to arise and bear "Der leetle song

I'm going to sing," and finding that though

"Der moon is moving (Jiminy! dhere's Anoder shtrug vent proken!) at last gets impatient and exclaims:

"I say, old shleepy, wake!
Wake out! wake loose! wake up!
Fire! murder! police! watch!
O, gracions! do wake up!"

But, nevertheless,

"Dot girl she shleeped—dot rain it rained,
Und I looked shlooped like a fool,
When mid my fiddle I shneaked off,
So wet and shlobby like a mool."

Alas, poor Yorick! We sympathize with the serenaders—deeply.

"The Tyro," of Poughkeepsie, is before us, and with this number the first volume is complete. "Change" evidences a practiced hand, and is a relief from the senseless platitudes which so often we were called upon to read.

"The Index Niagarensis" makes its first appearance on our table, and we trust that we shall see it regularly. Its "Index Review" is well edited. From its columns we elip: "This month lots of cigars—next month clay pipes and ashes," and find it quite applicable to ourselves.

"The Bates Student" continues its serial, "Parson Polyglot's Son," in which we are favored with a description of a ship on fire, after which comes, very naturally, "A Sadow." "Heroism" attracted our attention. From their items we learn that their Freshman class numbers twenty-five.

"The Owl," always a welcome visitor, has again winged its flight into our sanctum. The article, "Is the Monkey Father to the Man?" is concluded. The Inter-Collegiate boat race is descended on, the editor regretting that "the situation of Santa Clara College is such as to make boating impossible to our students—no suitable water being within reach."

"The Hesperian Student," of the University of Nebraska, speaking of the Literary Society and the work that is necessary for its continued success, inquires very pertinently of every student as to his intentions and classifying as follows, asks to which *genus* he will belong. This is the classification:

Society Members	{	Genus 1—Workers, " 2—Shirkers, " 3—Nuisances, " 4—Mongrels,bore•
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"The Lafayette Monthly" has taken unto itself a new dress, and no longer appears in the same color which it sported for so long a time, "The Brook," by Seal, is well written. In the editorial the following occurs: "Any sign of encouragement from the Faculty will always be gladly received, and we shall look for an occasional article from them to give tone and dignity to our efforts, and sound advice to ourselves and readers." Will our Faculty please take heed and assist the JOURNAL?

Items.

When the JOURNAL was first projected there was a proposition that it be called "The Gymnasium." We almost regret that we did not concur, as there is so little prospect of our having anything else under that name.

Who will organize a Foot-Ball Club? It requires skill, proves very exciting, and is a splendid exercise. Set the ball a rolling.

Clippings.

Little Johnny wanted to go to church. His mother was afraid he would make a noise, but his father said: "Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church." So he went. He kept very still until the last prayer. By that time he had grown tired of sitting still, and was standing on the pew cushion, with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the next seat bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying. He leaned over and said to the lady in a tone which was only too plainly heard. "Poor lady! What e e matter? Do o o stummut aebe?"—*Ex.*

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